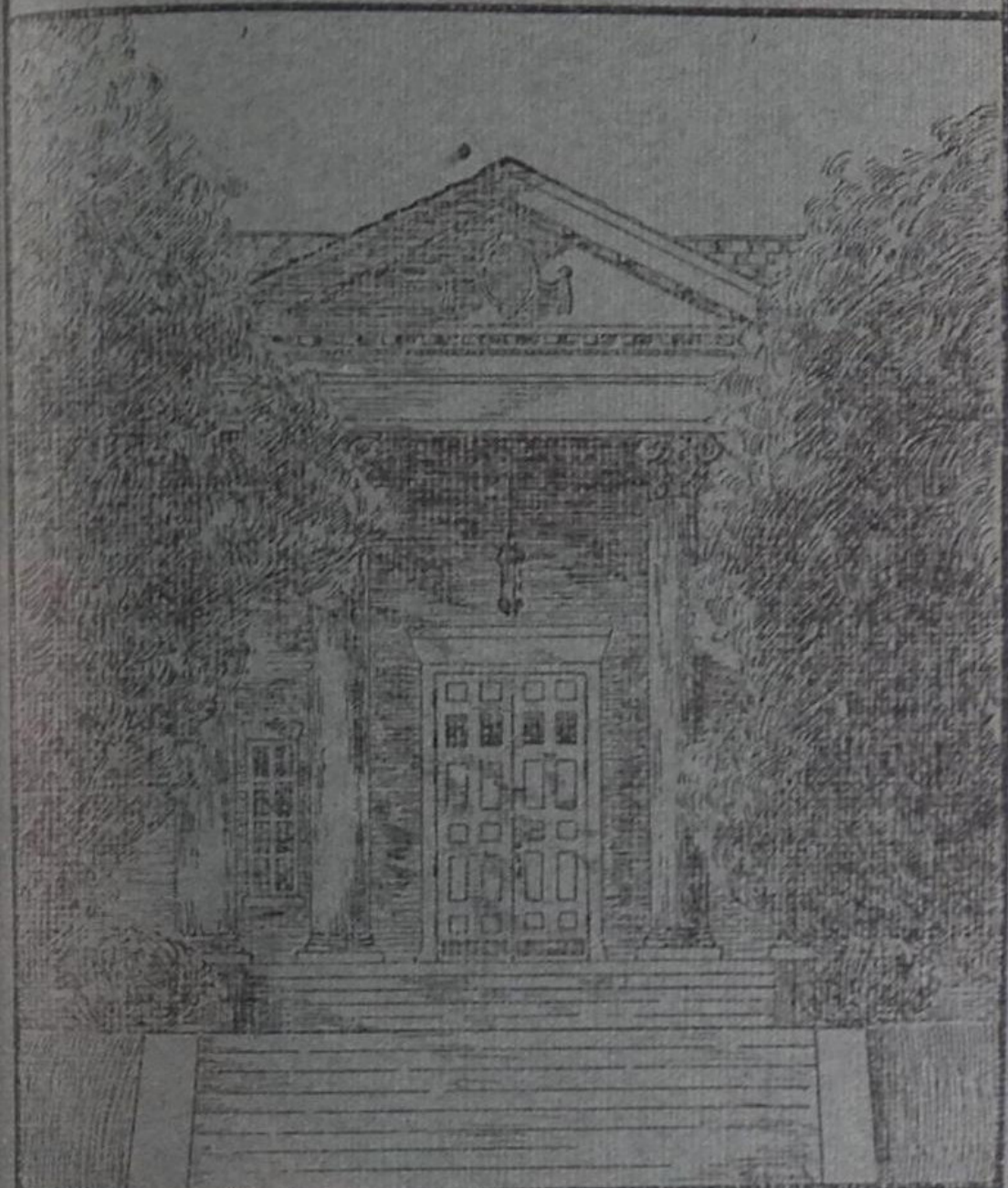


*The*  
Frances Shimer Record



DECEMBER 1929



### Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$70,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

#### FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO \_\_\_\_\_ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within \_\_\_\_\_ months after my decease.

#### FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

\* \* \* \*

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

THE MORROW-DEMAREST PRINT, 247 N. GARRISON ST.





# The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY

THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER,  
FEBRUARY

ONE DOLLAR (\$1) PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

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VOLUME XX    Mount Carroll, Illinois, December 1929    NUMBER 4

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## HITCHING YOUR WAGON TO A STAR

There are moments, even in the busiest of lives, when we are alone with ourselves. The half hour before sleep is filled with thoughts, in the long walks alone we ponder on life, and our moods upon finishing a good book are philosophic. These are the moments in which our opinions, our ideals, and our ambitions are formed. We meet some people in our lives who seem incapable of having such thoughts—shallow people apparently without a goal. In older people lack of ambition is to be pitied; in young people, it is unforgivable.

Is there anything more hopeless than the college student who answers your "What are you planning to do?" with a disinterested "I don't know—hadn't even thought much about it?"

Even a mediocre aim is better than no aim. But it is the people who hitch their wagons to the stars that have the best chance of success. Take girls, for instance. What could be more deadly than going to school, either high school or college, with no purpose in mind? Thinking only, "Well, I guess I'll go to Rockford next year, I'm tired of this"; or, "I might as well come back here, there's nothing else to do." No one of that brand can ever hope to succeed or be happy. A profession, even if one is mainly interested in marriage, should be the aim of every girl's life. It doesn't matter whether she is rich or poor, smart or shabby, lazy or industrious, a profession is a useful thing to have.

It doesn't interfere with pleasure, education, or marriage; rather it turns life from a slow, dragging round of monotonous pursuits into that glorious adventure, the fight for success. Most of us can't hope to be an Anne Parrish or a Lady Astor; but we can each build our individual ladder, rung by rung, by planning our futures carefully and taking advantage of each opportunity as it occurs, until we gain the top.



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Our destinies are shaped while we are young so don't let the time slip by unheeded. While you are dreaming, some one else may be driving her wagon towards *your* star.

Elaine Buell, Academy '30.

### VOICES

"Only the living can be heard," say some; others declare that "dead men tell no tales."

Thru the ages, martyrs have been tortured, saints have been scourged and even our Savior was crucified. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, has been more strongly heard since his death than before. Jean d'Arc was burned by obscure churchmen, but her influence was more keenly felt after her death than when she was living. Are the voices of Wycliffe, Luther, Knox, and Huss silent?

Is Nathan Hale only a vague memory? Have Lincoln and Wilson given their lives in vain?

Is the voice of Shakespeare mute? Are Shelley and Byron remembered only by tombstones? Is Burns mere dust? And Milton, the incomparable Milton, is he voiceless?

Listen—how plainly their voices can be heard above the petty strife of this fame-maddened world!

Edna J. Salmen, College '31.





### JACK FROST

Jack Frost has come to Shimer—  
We did not see him pass;  
But there's white upon the window pane  
And white o'er all the grass.

The snow has come to Shimer—  
Falling gently all the night,  
It's covered trees with fancy frieze  
And Metcalf's tower is fairy white.

We've see the green at Shimer  
And autumn's gorgeous hue;  
But now the snow's at Shimer  
And that's delightful, too!  
Ruth Britton, Academy '30.

### SNOW

Gently falling  
White flakes,  
Blow! Drift!  
Pile the world high  
With your purity;  
Cover all the ugly things  
With your white blanket;  
Put them to sleep  
Till spring.

Ruth Britton, Academy '30.

### WHY?

A cloud while casting round its eye  
Did drop a flake—I wonder why?  
So time went on and by and by  
A drift of snow had lighted nigh.



## SOLITUDE

From out the sky that covers all  
 There looms a cloud of fluffy white  
 That lays o'er all the earth a pall  
 Of silence and of gentle might.

Brenda Wilde, Academy '30.

## IN DAYS OF OLD

*"The first Noel that the angels did say  
 Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay—  
 Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel——"*

The sweet voices of the carolers floated through the cold, still night, white with drifting snowflakes, up to the long open window of the old chateau. Louis and Antoinette stood listening hand in hand to the passing troubadours who trudged on to the next chateau, their lanterns swinging in the falling snow.

It was the Christmas Eve of 1335 and Louis was about to leave his little sister for the first time in the fourteen years of his short life.

"You will send me a message, Louis, when you are gone? Seven years is such a long time and I shall be so lonely without you."

"But think, little sister, only seven years a squire to the Count and I shall be a Knight and fight for France and you!"

"Promise me you will come back and be my knight. I shall be seventeen and grown enough to have a knight."

"I promise, Anne — goodbye." Early the next morning little Louis started on his long journey to southern France, there to learn the code of chivalry and to become a man. Antoinette played with the little peasant girls around her father's castle, but her joy was always half-hearted and listless. She did not have the spirit of old. Her heart had gone with Louis, her confidant and protector. The years passed slowly and Anne with each sunny summer became prettier, gayer, and more conscious of the fact that she was pretty and gay. Soon the knights of the Court ceased to humor her as a child and began to tell her little complimentary things and to exhibit for her their strength and prowess at arms. On her fifteenth birthday she was presented at the Court of Philip, and in the months following became the toast of the French nobility. During all these years no news of the beloved brother reached her. In the midst of all her gay surroundings, she missed him and longed for him. Each night when she knelt before her big canopied bed, she asked God and the Blessed Virgin to keep him and send him back to her.

One evening at the court a young Englishman was presented to her, John Reynard, son of a Devonshire nobleman. John was tall and straight and dark. As time passed, it was whispered about the court that something would come of this friendship, and soon the families of the two arranged a betrothal. That night the Court was happy in their plans for a wedding.



The following morning, all Europe was startled when war was declared on France by England, and Edward started for the French coast with his fleet, the dreaded English squadron. Without so much as goodbye to Anne, John was obliged to flee to his country's aid, while King Phillip was riding with all the young knights to Crecy to meet the British army. Among the knights from southern France went Louis.

In the meantime the members of the court, far removed from the scene of war and untouched by its effects, continued on their gay and carefree life. Antoinette, after a year of waiting for news of John, weakened under her father's demands for her betrothal to a neighboring noble, and the date of her wedding was set for the following Christmas Eve. Anne grew paler and more melancholy with each day, and when the leaves began to turn she would wander in the woods of her father's estate and remember how she and Louis had walked there so many years ago and how her love for John had grown and blossomed there. It seemed forever since those happy times. She knew nothing of Louis or John—where had they gone, what had they done, why did they not come for her? November came and the wedding date drew nearer and nearer. One afternoon while she was walking, she saw a knight come suddenly riding through the woods toward her. Frightened, she tried to conceal herself in the forest, but as he approached he called, "Come, pretty one, do you remember me?" At the sound of his voice, she turned. He dismounted and taking off his visor advanced with outstretched arms.

"Louis, Louis," she cried, "my brother! Where have you been, why didn't you let me know? Oh, Louis, dear, I am so happy again."

They sat together under the scarlet trees beside the black war horse and talked, hand in hand once more. He told her of his success in the French battles and his longing to see her, of his leave to ride North for just one day with her. She told him of her sorrow without him, her love for John, and her father's cruel determination for her marriage in one month to the old Marquis de Laverdeu.

"Louis, I can't marry him. I have always trusted you; won't you do something? Can't you save me before it is too late?"

"I can do nothing here, little sister, I must go back tonight; but have faith; on my word before God I will not fail you. Trust in me; I shall be back."

Again they parted with tears and promises. Antoinette returned to her father strangely happy. She sang once more with the birds in the morning; she danced again when the gypsies sang in the hall at night.

At last the wedding day dawned crisp and cold. Anne had spent a sleepless night, but she trusted faithfully in Louis and it was not until the great hall began filling with the guests that her doubts and fears became alarming. Perhaps Louis had met foul ploy; something might have happened to him in battle. No, no, she must trust him. According to the family custom the bridal pair were to enter the hall at eight o'clock, and advance to the altar. The day of feasting and drinking was over and now the hour approached. Anne was feverish and trembling. Dressed



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at last in her gorgeous gown, she waited to hear the clock strike out her doom. At last it chimed the hour of eight, and she went through the door and down the long aisle to meet the bridegroom. Not until she saw the tall form advancing towards her, visored with the Lavardue crest and armor did she completely give up hope. She was sick, desperate, but helpless. They knelt together and as she prayed furiously and hysterically for rescue, the fatal words were pronounced and the ring put on her finger. It was done—Louis had failed her. Oh, why had she not run, or screamed, or refused before it was too late? She rose slowly and dropped her veil. Then her new master raised his visor and removed his helmet. Anne screamed, and with a little sigh fainted into the arms of John Reynard.

Two hours later she was standing hand in hand with Louis in the long open window of the old chateau looking out into the cold, still night, white with drifting snowflakes.

"I knew you would come, Louis; you promised."

"I found John just in time, Anne, and I made short work of the old Marquis. He is satisfied now. Next came my talk with Father Francis. I am glad you are happy and that the war is over and we are all together again."

"Listen, Louis, do you remember?" Floating through the flake-filled air the sweet voices of the carolers finished their song in the distance.

"Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel—  
*Born is the King of Israel.*"

Elaine Buell, Academy '30.

### IN WHICH SIX PEOPLE SUDDENLY BECOME VERY COMPANIONABLE

One of the trainmen grabbed me by the arm and told me to get into the taxi. I turned to tell my friend to come with me but the man said there was just room for me, so, with a parting word to her, I climbed in anyway. Everything seemed jumbled. I had never had even a glimpse of a train wreck before, and now I had just been in one. However, aside from being shaken up, I was not hurt in the least, a fact for which I was very thankful.

I sat in my seat for some time without paying any attention to the people around me. My mind wandered at random. How many people were hurt? Where had my friend gone? What had caused the accident? At length, as one might say, I came down to earth and began to look around me. There were five people in the taxi—six including me. All of them seemed as preoccupied as I had been. Perhaps I had better say here that this thing which I have been calling a taxi—because the trainmen called it that—was in reality not a taxi at all but a covered truck with a light in back where we were. Two people were seated on one side, two at the end, and a woman and I were seated on the other side.

The first person I looked at carefully was the woman beside me. She seemed to be one of those cold people who have little use for any one. She sat very erect staring steadily into the darkness. For some reason or



other I shuddered as I looked at her. Then my gaze rested on the funny little man on my left who sat there munching peanuts. He already had left quite a pile of shells at his feet. He looked careworn and very tired. Apparently life to him was just one thing after another, and just now it meant eating peanuts as fast as he could. Beside him was seated a very aristocratic looking woman; with her charming white hair, her finely chiseled features, her stunning coat, she presented a picture of the stately elegant woman. It seemed odd that she had been tossed into the truck as I had been. She sat there with a rather scornful expression on her face. Apparently the fact that a man was eating peanuts beside her rather disturbed her peace of mind.

Then I started to take in the young man who sat next to her. I stopped almost as soon as I began. Really I doubt if I have ever seen a more striking individual of the male sex. Eventually I continued my inspection of this decidedly handsome young man. He had black hair, which was rather curly, deep brown eyes, nice eyebrows and a well set chin. He looked genial enough but he made no attempt to talk to any one. Beside him sat a girl—a young girl, I should say, of about seventeen or eighteen. She sat there staring into the heavens. She looked calm and peaceful, apparently self-sufficient. About her throat was a bright red scarf. I wondered why she had a red one; she did not look as though she would like red.

Having looked at all the people in the truck, I once more lost interest in my immediate surroundings. Our truck went speeding on through the night. Silence, silence followed by more silence. Occasionally the barking of some far off dog would pierce the stillness of the night. A loud scream from the young girl with the large blue eyes suddenly interrupted our reveries and caused us to look up. The object of her excitement proved to be a little white mouse which was crawling along the top of the truck. The girl was so frightened that she threw her arms around the handsome young man who sat beside her, and that rather surprised individual looked quite pleased. The unexpected appearance of the white mouse caused the stately woman to lose some of her dignity and grab the bag of peanuts from the funny little man. There she sat, holding on to the bag of peanuts as if she hoped to hide herself behind it. His bag of peanuts being taken from him, the little man began to look around. He laughed when he saw the girl clinging to the young man and then he glanced curiously at his bag of peanuts. What did I do? I sat there and smiled contentedly. Mice do not scare me and the antics of people who are afraid of them always amuse me. The woman beside me had left off staring into the darkness, and she too seemed to enjoy watching the others.

The mouse paused for a minute and seemed to laugh at us and then crawled through a little hole. The young girl immediately sat up and acted as though she were going to dismiss the incident entirely; but that was not possible, because her red scarf had caught on the coat button of the handsome young man. By the time they, with the help of the aristo-



cratic woman, got it untangled everybody in the truck was laughing merrily. The woman returned the peanuts to the man and smiled pleasantly, and then he offered her some. At first she refused, but I imagine that when she was holding the bag under her nose, the nuts smelled very good, for she took some. It amused me to watch her eat them. The woman beside me had become quite talkative and I found her very interesting. She was an artist and had been going to an art exhibit in New York, and was acquainted with several of the leading painters of the time. I paused long enough in listening to her to note how friendly the people had suddenly become. Later on I looked up at the hole where the white mouse had disappeared and wondered if he knew how opportune his appearance had been.

Donna Klewer, College '31.

### HOCUS-POCUS

"Oh, hum," yawned the well dressed young man as he stepped nonchalantly off the early morning train. He hesitated a moment, then walked leisurely down the street and entered a small restaurant. Seating himself at the counter he picked up a menu and read it diligently, then glanced up with honest blue eyes and saw coming toward him a waitress—yes, a waitress to be sure, but how different from the usual painted, flirting ones! This one was small, with softly waved brown hair, slightly dreamy grey eyes, and a smile like—he tried to think of words with which to express that smile, but failed. It was a smile such as a fond mother gives her babe, and yet it gave one an impression that its owner was somewhat aloof.

"Your order, please," brought the young man back to earth.

"Eggs on toast, coffee, and an orange," he answered, then again left earth and dreamed about vital things, such as a vine-covered cottage with a girl standing in the doorway—a small girl with brown hair, grey eyes, and a gloriously sweet smile, and——. But the aroma of coffee ended this reverie and the young man again raised very honest, very blue eyes and watched his waitress coming toward him. He already liked to think of her being "his".

Now he returned her smile and felt strangely happy when she lingered a moment and remarked, "Gorgeous sunrise, isn't it?" This led to conversation and after ten minutes she left to bring him more coffee. Soon she returned with more coffee and more conversation. Weather, the restaurant business, and finally, "I've always wanted a real home of my own," she sighed.

"So have I! A little vine-covered one with——say, do you suppose——"

"Hands up!" interrupted a surly voice, and the young man caught his breath as he felt a revolver at his back.

"Thanks, Mazie, that was good work," said a man grasping the waitress' hand. "We received word about an hour ago that he had taken a ship for South America. How did you know him?"

"Oh, I just knew," she answered vaguely, in the manner of women.



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Then she held up a paper which read: "Wanted For Murder. \$5,000 Reward!" And under this was a picture of a well dressed young man with very honest eyes, which were described as being "very blue".

"I needed the money for our little vine-covered cottage," she cooed to the big, blue-coated Irishman at her side.

LaRue Hughes, College '31.

### HERO WORSHIP

At the tender age of six, I saw my first moving picture. Lila Lee, commonly called "Cuddles", was the heroine and an insignificant man played the part of the hero. From that day on "Cuddles" was my ideal. Every spare moment I could find was spent in front of the mirror trying to smile wistfully and appealingly. I only managed to look quite ridiculous. As I grew older, "Cuddles" grew fatter and my affections were transferred elsewhere.

A well-meaning aunt gave me "Elsie Dinsmore's Holidays" for my tenth birthday. If she had known what effect it would have on me, perhaps she would have given me a pair of socks. After reading this book, my sole ambition was to do good and to be the joy of my parents. I surprised my grandmother by asking her each morning how she felt and if there was anything I could bring her. Grandmother thought I was ill and recommended a dose of castor oil. Dad was also astonished when I asked him if he wanted me to shine his shoes. He said "Yes" and I, smiling angelically (so I thought), shined his shoes till they glistened.

One sad day I was spanked, and instead of howling as I normally would do, I made no outcry. The spanking was finally over and I turned to mother with tears in my eyes saying:

"Dear Mother, I know I give you so much pain. If I could only live more saint-like. Oh, Mother dear, you are so very kind to me and I am so very wicked!"

That evening my Elsie Dinsmore book mysteriously vanished. To this day, the person who took that book is unknown to me, although I have my suspicions.

The summer I was fifteen, I went abroad with my parents. On the boat I met a Russian actor. He claimed to be a doctor, to be a sculptor, to be thirty-five years old, and to have been married three times. Both my friend and I though he was fascinating. Sad to say, he was more interested in a blond young widow than in two fatuous girls. However, he gave me two post-card pictures of himself which Mother cruelly threw overboard.

When I was a freshman in the Academy, Gloria Swanson was my ideal. I practiced wearing long earrings in my room but I never got up enough courage to wear them into the dining room. At night my roommate and I argued about the respective merits and attractions of Rudolph Valentino and Gloria until by ten o'clock, we were both sleepy and angry. Much to the relief of the teacher next to us, we would finally fall asleep.



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Three years have passed since then and I have been too busy to find more heroes. As I look back, however, silly as I have been, I can truthfully say that I have never sunk to the level of adoring Clara Bow or John Gilbert.

Edna Salmen, College '31.

### THE LAND OF MINCE PIE DREAMS

The keeper of the gate of the Land of Mince Pie Dreams carefully unbolted the latch and prepared to receive the oncoming rush. It was just three o'clock, about time for the first group of after-dinner nappers. He stretched his stodgy, red pantalooned legs apart, and stood squarely in the middle of the road; his was a responsible position. At the head of the long line of holiday intemperates, approaching in ones and twos, was a tall, lank Englishman, in felt slippers and a dressing gown. "How many pieces of mince pie?" The keeper had asked his customary question.

"Two," answered the Englishman.

"Path number six, up the first hill," directed the keeper, as he let him by.

The next figure was an old lady, with her white night cap askew, and nervous dyspepsia written all over her. "One piece of pie," she told the keeper. He looked her up and down.

"Path seven," he told her mercilessly, "the green and glittering terrors."

So they came on and on; and so the keeper conscientiously appraised them and directed them. Sometimes he would find they had come to the wrong gate, as for instance, the clergyman, who had had no mince pie, but two helpings of plum pudding with brandy sauce, and a big, black, after dinner cigar. Then there was a lull in the busy stream, and a very small boy stood before the keeper. "Well, well, how you have grown since last year. And how many pieces of mince?"

"Three."

"Three!"

"—and a half."

"Well, well, I'm sorry, but path—no, you had that last year. We'll have to give you something new and different,—number twelve, I guess."

So the small boy proceeded, and he climbed the high, high hill, which number twelve indicated. At the very top all was very well, but one step down the other side and he was plunged into utter blackness. Then he felt himself falling, and he discerned at the same time, two huge shapes swooping after him. One was a green dragon, and one a red one. They both had scaly backs and tails which extended far, far behind them. And they were both gnashing with their teeth and clutching with their claws. He fell upon some huge spring, which tossed him up and onto solid ground. The dragons came flying on. He was rooted to the spot; he tried to run, he tried to scream; *he couldn't do anything*. Then, just as they were swooping down, he jumped aside, and while they were grappling, ran and ran.



Hideous colors blurred and screamed before him. He ran through bright, glaring, purple. He plunged into flaming orange; pink and green spots danced up and down and back and forth before his eyes. Then he rolled, rolled, and rolled through the colors. He was tossed violently up and down, head over heels and heels over head. The colors swam and blurred and glared. Then all of a sudden, each became a mince pie, and they all sat on his stomach, one on top of the other. They were a terrible weight; and to make matters worse, they jumped up and down. Finally, the little boy gave them a push and ran. The pies picked themselves up and followed in a long stream.

The little boy ran to the edge of a lavender sea, climbed into a boat moored there, and set sail. The foiled pies jumped and screamed in frenzy on the shore, as the boat sailed far out. The lavender sea began to roll. The ship began to roll. Oh! This was worse than anything. Better the pies than this. With a great lurch, the ship turned on its side, and the little boy plunged through the water.

Down, down, he fell, past hideous, leering fiends and goblins on each side, past a great, huge, "Exit" sign.

"See you next year," called the doorman, as the little boy somersaulted out of the Land of Mince Pie Dreams.

Audrey Huntley, Academy '30.

### THE COLOSSEUM IN THE MOONLIGHT

Rome, in spite of the terrific heat and filth, is one of the most beautiful old cities on the continent. It has all the romance and tradition of old fame and historic lore, for it lives not for the present but just for its past. To explore Rome one needs neither a guide book nor a currier, for everything of interest is so in evidence that no technicalities are involved in finding historic buildings or scenes.

Seated in the inevitable horse and carriage of Rome, bumping along, over the unevenly paved and badly worn Appian Way, we stop, the fraction of a minute, upon our entrance into the city to throw a few pennies into the Fountain of Rome so that we may some day return. It is about seven o'clock in the evening, and the moon is just beginning to become full and large, illuminating the streets; for the Italian moon, very large and of clear deep orange shade, is much more beautiful and romantic than ours. Thru the crowded business streets and past the shawl shops, we finally reach the Colosseum, and, alighting from our carriage, each goes his own way to explore in silence the historic remains.

More beautiful than can be expressed is the Colosseum by moonlight, and we can readily see why previous Roman travelers tell us to be sure to choose that time for exploring this old building. The moon casts its long shadows about us as we climb the rocks, and walk in and out of huge stone door ways, stumbling over decaying rocks and huge boulders. We finally reach the top of the wall, where, if we find enough room to stand, we can gaze over all Rome bathing in the silver light. It is not only the beauty that impresses us; it is the memory of past events in ages



long ago. There is an inexpressible appeal in this huge ruin as we look upon it by moonlight.

Mary Stem, College '31.

#### 'T WAS THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A theme to write for English. How can Miss Pollard expect us to concentrate long enough to write anything just two days before we go home? Anyway, with Thursday off, we won't have much longer for English. Then, Friday—one hour after fourth period. It won't be long now! And then we'll be home for almost three weeks with no more old French or English to worry about.

Christmas! Wonder what the folks will give me. Can't get a clue anywhere and they haven't even asked what I wanted. I hinted for a purse and scarf. They might get those.

First thing I have to do when I get home is shop for the folks. Let's see, there's Mother—what was I going to get her? Oh, yes, maybe salt shakers. Then, the boys. Aren't boys awful to buy for? They can always rely on candy, compacts, or flowers for a girl, but what can we get for them? Then there are cards! Nearly forgot about them. That's going to be a job and a half. Last year, let's see, I sent about seventy-five and there are about twenty-five more at least from school. Where will I get time for all that? Must remember to get some cards and addresses too.

Here comes the roommate. Wouldn't it be just like me to forget to mail her present or something dreadful like that? Better get it wrapped and mailed on Saturday. Have to address cards then and maybe Sunday too. In the evening there's the play at church. Just like last year, all the gifts wrapped in white—a White Christmas. It makes one feel so—almost holy, I guess—to see everything so pure.

Wonder if I'll get to deliver any baskets. Last year, no, it was two years ago, we went to deliver baskets. Poor kids, living in one little cold room—no mother, no toys, nothing. It makes me shudder to think of them. There was the other family, too, that had so many kids. People said the mother fed all the neighbors, too, never had much left for her own family. The boys couldn't get work to help out, either. Why should they have so little and we so much? I can see our Christmas so plainly. The tree in the same old place with heaps of presents around. Grandma and Aunt Mary over. Grandma probably won't be with us many more years. Christmas carols and Christmas bells!

There I go again. A week ahead of myself. An English theme to write. What was Miss Pollard thinking of to make such an assignment?

Ella Mae Smith, 'College '31.

#### SPIRIT ROCK

In the extreme northern part of Wisconsin, we find a government Indian Reservation, the home of the Nemonimee Indians. Amid towering pines, huge falls, swirling eddies, and sparkling lakes, the tribe lives its joyous and carefree life, practically as primitive as it was hundreds of years ago.



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There are various legends, all with their landmarks, which have been told to each successive generation, but from all of these the story of Spirit Rock is the most favored.

When first the tribe settled at what is now the government reservation, it was governed by Princess Kenota, said to be the most beautiful Indian maiden the world had ever known. Her greatest virtue was her sense of duty to her tribe, and through her loyalty the other Indians gained courage and soon the tribe had established a permanent home. Once more the Nemonimees resumed their wild, happy lives, hunting and fishing by day, holding gorgeous pow-wows at night.

Fur-traders frequently passed through the settlement, stopping at each tepee to bargain. One of these white men fell seriously in love with the Indian Princess, and she with him. The Indian braves scowled at the friendly couple and grumbled horrible threats. Princess Kenota, torn by her love for the white man, and held by her pledge to her people, finally agreed to send her lover away.

For many days after the trader had made his reluctant departure, the Princess wandered disconsolately among the beautiful trees of the forests. Her face grew thin and haggard, her step uncertain, and her people realized that she was being called to the "happy hunting ground" by the Great Spirit. Just at sunset one night Princess Kenota called her people to her, and, as she stood on the summit of a huge rock, slowly she spoke:

"My people, very soon I shall pass into the land of my forefathers. Do not grieve, for we shall meet once more in the land of sunshine. Be brave, my warriors, for as this rock crumbles away, so shall my tribe of Nemonimees be extinguished; and, when this Spirit rock is gone, our tribe will be extinct."

As the sun sank in the west, so their fair princess slipped from this world. The Indians did not forget her and each time they passed the rock, they put offerings and appeals to the Great Spirit upon it.

Today, on the old Military road, between two sturdy pines, we still find Spirit Rock. Crumbled and broken, it is now only a large stone. There are still offerings upon it. Each Indian regularly places his appeal of tobacco and pennies there. True to the old tradition, as the rock crumbles, so the full-blooded Nemonimee Indians decrease, and faithfully the Indians believe that as the rock crumbles away they are being called to the "happy hunting grounds" by the Great Spirit.

Lenore Anderson, College '31.

### HERE'S HOW

Bootleggers, safe blowers, ordinary criminals, and murderers! Politicians, presidents, and vice presidents' sisters! Prize-fighters, princes, and popular heroes! Actresses, debutantes, centenarians, and babies! Of such is the gallery of the daily newspaper.

If you wish to appear among this motley crew, you must have some outstanding achievement. The simplest way is to have famous parents, and as soon as you are old enough to have your picture taken, you will







SNOW AT SHIMER



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

appear as the son of So-and-So. Also, if you manage to live to be one hundred years old, you will, if you are lucky, crash the gates of fame. However, this process may become rather tiresome.

If you write exceptionally well, if you are an excellent actress, or if you propound some startling new theory, you may, news being scarce, receive your due reward. A short while ago, to fly across the ocean was a feat meriting a great deal of front-page space. However, this has become rather common, and something really stupendous, such as winning a gum-chewing or chair-rocking marathon is necessary.

You may try marrying a prince, as royalty is, more or less, a novel thing just now. Better still marry a prize-fighter, for the Princes of Pugilism and the Prince of Wales always have a small army of photographers in their wake. Then try kidnaping the President's grandchildren. This may annoy him somewhat and arouse a great deal of public wrath, but success in publication is almost guaranteed.

After all, the quickest way is to go out and murder some one. You may get your picture in the paper all through the trial—that is, if you've been clever enough to have a sensational trial—and, perhaps you may even be pictured in your cell later on!

Failing in this, get in the way of one of the wars of one of the more prominent gangs. Then if you aren't successful, you will at least have the two or three lines of your obituary for consolation.

Madeline Ellis, Academy '30.

### SCULPTOR OF THE CLOUDS

Of all the people living  
I should like to know  
Who molds the downy, fleecy clouds  
That look so much like snow.  
  
How does one carve or sculptor them  
And make their corners round?  
For clouds in airy purity  
In depths and curves abound.

Lillian O'Neill College '30.

### FRIENDS

Friends are not acquaintances  
To know just passing well,  
But they are those to go to,  
When we have things to tell.  
  
The friends who mean the most  
Are those who love us true,  
The ones who make us happy,  
And cheer us when we're blue.  
  
If you have not a friend  
Whom you are sure is true,  
I think you'll maybe find  
The trouble is with you.

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## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

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I hope you have some friends,  
Who are really worth your time;  
I'd never trade for anything  
Some certain friends of mine.

Marjorie Hench, College '31.

### LEST WE FORGET

Lest we forget that God is good,  
He made the trees, the flowers, the woods—  
He made the birds with songs so rare—  
He made the beauty everywhere.

Mary McEwen, College '31.

### A PINE

So straight—  
So tall—  
With outstretched arms  
Against a rainbow sky—  
  
So lonely—  
So calm—  
With not a care  
Against the world—  
A Pine.

Betty Alexander, Academy '30.

### AT NIGHT

The moon steals through my latticed window,  
And finds me waiting—  
It casts a silvery glow on the fields,  
And the trees drink in its light.  
The stars twinkle,  
Making fun of my captivity.  
And I whisper a prayer, as I watch  
The moon shining through the trees.

Constance Bassett, Academy '31.

### SNOW

Snowflakes softly surrounding,  
Shrouding steeples, streets,  
Seashore, ships;  
  
Spraying, submerged shrubs—  
Suggesting slanting shadows,  
Screening sight;  
  
So skillfully sculptoring  
Sundry strange shapes—  
Spectral scene;



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## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

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Sometimes swooping suddenly  
Sending spectators scurrying  
Seeking shelter.

Janet McCurrach, Academy '30.

### VEGA

Oh, Vega in thy bluish gown  
A maiden fair to see,  
Art thou enjoying the May-dance gay  
Around the pole tonight?  
The two companions there of thine,  
Capella and Arcturus true,  
Are vying to win the prize with thee,  
Crowned brightest of the three!

Oh Vega, pointer of the trail,  
Whence goes the sun each day,  
And following him the planets all  
Wind on their endless way,  
In the constellation of the lyre  
Thou art the chief star there;  
How I do love to watch for thee  
On each clear eve above!

Janet McCurrach, Academy '30.

### ON A REMOTE SHELF WHICH I DECORATED

You shelf!  
How pretty you look  
Sporting my gay, red china saucers  
And blue frosted bowl.  
I have adorned you with Grandma's silver tea-set,  
Placed a green Dutch plate upon your back.  
But don't become proud—  
You were only a dusty, bare shelf  
—and will be again,  
When I remove my pretty things.

Audrey Huntley, Academy '31.





### THANKSGIVING CHAPEL SERVICE

At noon on Thanksgiving, dressed for dinner and happy over the hockey game, we met for the chapel service.

Miss Wallace, accompanied by Miss Schuster at the piano and Helen Giddings at the violin, rendered a fitting Thanksgiving selection. After the girls had sung a hymn, President McKee spoke. As the text of his address, one might quote:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad,

Ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

President McKee spoke to us on disagreeable things for which we should be thankful. The first was separation. By removal from home and friends we learn independence and build up our own characters. Then we should be thankful for rules and regulations, and the order they bring. Another blessing is criticism, because we can't improve without it and because it saves us from the pain of false hopes. Outspoken friends though disagreeable, tell us things we ought to know about ourselves. Of great value also is competition. It makes us strive to excel our past record.

### THE THANKSGIVING DINNER AND DANCE

The dinner served at one o'clock on Thanksgiving Day was the happiest event of the autumn semester. The courses were skillfully planned by Miss Darrow and the attractive tables lighted by candles and decorated with flowers were an evidence of her taste. The classes entered with their sponsors; the entrance of the Academy Seniors gave the usual thrill; the class songs and toasts to the McKees, to Miss Lee, and to the Trustees, filled everyone with school spirit. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

In the evening the College Freshmen gave their formal dance in the Gymnasium which was effectively decorated in blue and silver. The special was a series of tableaux. Music for dancing was furnished by an orchestra from Rochelle. This pleasant evening was a credit to the class and to Miss Thoreen, their sponsor.



## "AND TO NEBBY DEAR"

A hush fell upon the chattering girls, each at her place before the table on Thanksgiving Day. "Deep in our hearts, dear Nebby, we love you true." The sweet voices of the Seniors came at first faintly and gradually grew louder as the Seniors appeared, led by their beloved mascot, the little gray elephant, Nebuchadnezzar.

A little over a month before Nebby had been hidden to be searched for by the Juniors. The hearts of the Seniors were filled with anxiety as they watched the Juniors run around campus, whispering secretly, searching for the precious Nebby.

But Nebby was hidden safely, and now we can sing "Nebby, dear Nebby, here is our pledge to you." We are Seniors, faithful and loyal to our "King Royal."

Ione Caddick, Academy '30.



## THE CALL OF THE BANSHEE

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club's opening production of this school year was given in the New Gymnasium on November 16, 1929. "The Call of the Banshee," a well known mystery play by Hetenstall and Culliman, was chosen as their first play.

The scene of all the acts is laid in the living room of Peter Adair's home at Blackridge, New York. The plot centers about the superstition of the evil effects of the Banshee Call held by all the inhabitants of the Adair household. The superstition was an old Irish one and after the mysterious death of Peter Adair the servants and guests of the house were inclined to attribute his misfortune to the Banshee. Dr. Lacey, and his slave Yuru, skilled in the magic of the South American savages, who are Adair's guests at the time, are immediately suspected of Adair's murder. Lacey, however, is suddenly killed in the same mysterious way and the former fears are groundless. Young Clem Durward, who is in love with Adair's niece, finally apprehends the real criminal, Yuru, and the mystery is solved.

Anita Hurley as Lacey and Lillian O'Neill as Yuru gave very convincing and sympathetic performances. Madelyn Helm and Marguerite Uhlenhopp as the Swedish Maid and the blundering sheriff provided frequent laughs to relieve the tense situations. The parts of Hazel and Clem as the young couple were played with a great deal of ability by Re-



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

becca Murdock and Jeanne Taylor.

Due to the splendid cooperation of the production staff and the cast, and to Miss Parker's competent coaching the "Call of the Banshee" was an outstanding success.

### VARIOUS EVENTS

The evenings of Saturday, November 2, and Saturday, November 30, were spent as open nights. There were the usual dinner parties at places in town and spreads given by individual girls to groups of friends. On November 23 the moving picture, *Beau Geste*, was shown in Metcalf Hall to an appreciative audience. On December 7 the Athletic Association gave an informal dancing party in the gymnasium.

### RECITALS

#### MISS SCHUSTER AND MISS ALLYN

One of the most enjoyable evenings this fall was spent on November 17 at the two-piano recital given by Miss Schuster and Miss Allyn.

They played two groups of numbers. The final number of the first group was the popular Strauss-Chasins arrangement of the "Blue Danube Waltz". Two especially interesting numbers closed the second group. Liadow's little composition called "The Musical Snuff Box" was played in the most delicate manner, and in sharp contrast to it, the recital ended with Schubert's thrilling "March Militaire".

The evening was very well spent and we were all thankful for the opportunity to hear the music of our favorite composers so splendidly played.

### STUDENTS

The recital given by the students of the Music Department in the Chapel on December 14 was the last big school event of the year 1929. Students of piano, violin, and voice all gave numbers on the program. Miss Schuster, Miss Wallace, and Miss Allyn of the Department of Music deserve much of the credit for the following enjoyable program:

|                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Scotch Poem                | MacDowell                |
|                            | <i>Eleonore Seefeldt</i> |
| March of the Dwarfs        | Grieg                    |
|                            | <i>Mildred Stadel</i>    |
| Coasting                   | Burleigh                 |
|                            | <i>Barbara Haeger</i>    |
| Far Away Song              | Joseph Clokey            |
| The Little Shepherd's Song | Clara Edwards            |
|                            | <i>Aileen Neely</i>      |
| May Night                  | Palmgren                 |
| Callirhoe                  | Chaminade                |
|                            | <i>Avis Waddell</i>      |
| Barcarolle in E Flat       | Ornstein                 |
|                            | <i>Hester MacKechnic</i> |
| Impromptu in C Sharp Minor | Reinhold                 |
|                            | <i>Vada Grisso</i>       |



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|                              |                 |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Waltz in A Flat .....        | Brahms          |
| Adoration .....              | Borowski        |
| <i>Helen Giddings</i>        |                 |
| Wiegenlied .....             | Brahms-Schuett  |
| <i>Caroline Swannell</i>     |                 |
| Second Nocturne Op. 12 ..... | Leschetizky     |
| <i>Roberta Leland</i>        |                 |
| Valse in E Flat .....        | LaForge         |
| <i>Olive Hawbecker</i>       |                 |
| Harp of the Woodland .....   | Easthope Martin |
| The Ships of Arcady .....    | Michael Head    |
| Dream o' Day Jill .....      | Edward German   |
| <i>Dorothy Oliver</i>        |                 |

## VESPERS

November 3. Tonight the various denominations of churches represented at Shimer by the student body met in groups for short devotional services. These groups were led by Mrs. McKee, Miss Lee, Mrs. Sweatt, Miss Baker, Miss Hostetter, and Miss Snider. After the devotional service was over, we enjoyed refreshments served by the sponsor of each group.

November 10, we gathered about a blazing fire in the fireplace of West Hall Lounge while Miss Pollard, in commemoration of Armistice Day, read us, *The Man Without a Country*. This was a most unusual and enjoyable Vesper Service.

November 17, Miss Schuster and Miss Allyn played for us at Vespers. They played a group of our favorites among which was "The Blue Danube". We appreciated this evening of good music.

November 24, the speech students under the direction of Miss Parker gave us a resume of how Thanksgiving was celebrated "then" and "now". We had pictured to us the Pilgrim's version of Thanksgiving, the pioneer observation of Thanksgiving, and Thanksgiving in a Modern Girls' school. We enjoyed turning back the pages of Time with the speech students and peering into past Thanksgivings with them.

December 1. Dr. Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago was with us tonight. His talk on loyalty, based upon the lives of the disciples of Jesus, was very interesting and inspiring to all of us. We hope that we may have an opportunity to hear Dr. Mathews again soon.

December 8. We went to College Hall parlors for our Sunday night lunch tonight. Upon arriving, we found the parlors turned into a cozy living room by the Girl Reserves. Fires were blazing merrily in the fireplaces and everyone was happy. After lunch we gathered for our Vesper service. We opened the service by singing a number of Christmas Carols after which Miss Baker read us Van Dykes', *The First Christmas Tree*. After hearing this story we realize how many things we have to be thankful for at this happy Christmas time.

December 15. Tonight Miss Thoreen told us about the Christmas customs in some of the most familiar foreign countries. After she explained the Christmas customs in a certain country, we sang a Christmas



## THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Carol in the native tongue of that country. This was a very interesting and unusual Vesper service and we appreciate having an opportunity to become familiar with the Christmas traditions of other lands.

### Y. W. C. A. EVENTS

The new gymnasium was the scene of Christmas revels Monday afternoon, December the sixteenth. The play under the direction of Miss Parker was made more effective by the improved facilities of the new stage. Music accompanied the tableaux and Grace Reynolds made a very striking Madonna. Marguerite Uhlenhopp was the jolly Santa Claus who distributed gifts to the small participants in the entertainment. After the Yule Log was dragged in, wassail and cakes were served and red stockings full of candy and nuts were given to the guests and students by the costumed characters.

Miss Fortna, faculty advisor of the Y. W. C. A. was the hostess at a tea the Sunday before we went home. The guests included members of the cabinet and their advisers and the coaches of the Christmas party and play. At this time it was decided that gifts be sent to the girl whom the Frances Shimer Y. W. C. A. is sending to Berea College this year. She will graduate in June and the cabinet decided that they should make her last Christmas a little happier than some previous ones while at school. Miss Snider sent the collection of gifts and money with many good wishes for the holiday season.

Owing to the late delivery of goods, the annual Chinese bazaar was postponed indefinitely. However, the members of the cabinet are making plans for a Chinese or Japanese exhibit which will be of interest to the students.

The Girl Reserves have begun active preparations for forming such an organization at Shimer. They were in charge of a Y. W. C. A. meeting as well as a Sunday tea and both events were matters of interest and worth. Mary Evelyn Webb has been a leader in the Girl Reserve movement at Shimer and has so far made the undertaking a success.

### THE ART GALLERY

During the fall there have been a number of pleasant events in connection with the Art Gallery. One of the first events was the exhibition of bronzes, the work of a young Russian sculptor. This collection was sent by Mrs. Elizabeth Dickerson Palmer of St. Paul. Just before Christmas, Mrs. Palmer sent a collection of books for exhibition. Many of these books were rare editions but many were modern books which were interesting because of their beautiful format. Several attractive books for children were in this collection.

In October the School received a valuable gift from Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Haeger of Dundee, Illinois. Mr. Haeger is engaged in the manufacture of pottery at Dundee. During a visit to Frances Shimer he presented a pair of candle sticks for each table in the dining room and flower bowls and vases to use in decorating the drawing rooms. On the Sunday



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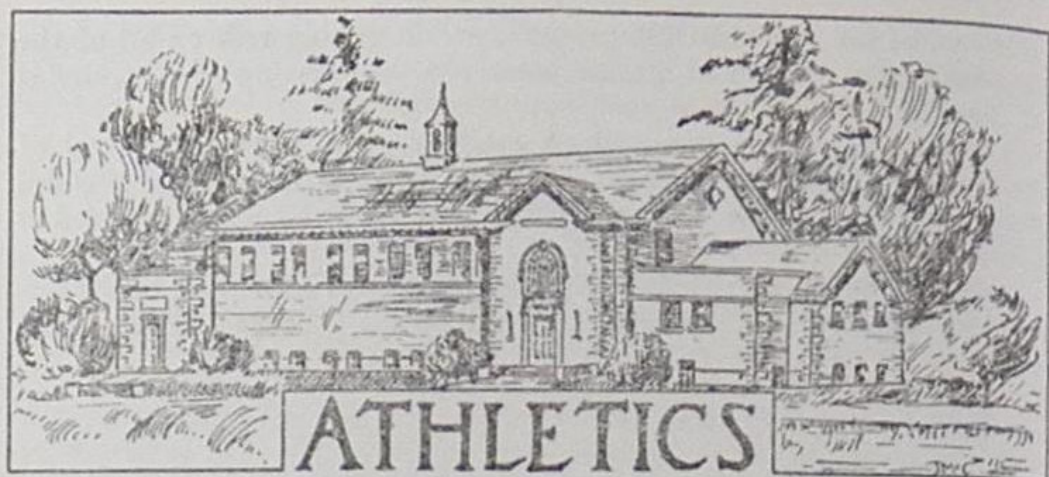
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afternoon of his visit, Mr. Haeger gave an interesting talk on all of the processes in the making of artistic pottery,—the choosing of clay, molding, baking.

While the pottery was still on exhibition and after the arrival of Mrs. Palmer's collection of books, a tea was given in the Gallery attended by townspeople, faculty, and students. Mrs. James Campbell presided as hostess.

Once a month a collection of modern paintings is sent out to Dickerson Art Gallery at Frances Shimer School by the Chicago Galleries Association.





## THE SWIMMING MEET

On the sixteenth of November was the first swimming exhibition to be held at Shimer. The spectators lined the sides of the pool. In the semi-darkness, the deep, green water was still and clear. Suddenly, there was a glare of lights and a splash. Girls in caps—green, blue, red, and white, swam to the end of the pool and clambered out.

Miss Jaynes then announced the different feats. Tirzah Price broke her former record, by swimming two lengths under water. Grace Catton, Nellie Ball, and "Jerry" Mitchell gave some lovely dives. Elaine Rabinoff won the "candle race"; Brenda Wild, the plunge. There were several other exhibitions of relay racing, side over arm, crawl, and racing back strokes.

This was really only a demonstration to get everyone interested in the pool. Later on, there will be regular swimming teams, and contesting between classes.

## THE HOCKEY GAME

Every Thanksgiving, College and Academy play their big hockey game. The game this year began at nine. On each side of the field, were the girls shouting and yelling for their teams.

The two teams, full of pep and enthusiasm, ran on the field. Red jackets—red barets. "C-O-L-L-E-G-E!" thundered the College girls. Blue sweaters—blue barets. "Fifteen big ones for Academy!" came the response.

The two teams took their positions. The air was electric. Each side was anxious for victory. The sticks of "Manning" and "Holly" clashed. By good, fast team work, the ball was soon down in College territory. Cheers broke the tense stillness, as the ball bounced against the goal. "Nell" Ball had made the only goal scored during the first half.

Toward the end of the second half, much to the disappointment of the Academy, "Manning" made a goal for College. The whistle blew. The score was one to one. After all, ties are nice because there is no hard feeling anywhere.

The Members of the Hockey teams were as follows:



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### COLLEGE

Mabel Kirkpatrick  
Marjorie Manning, Captain  
Ann Finley  
Marie Campbell  
Delight Tims  
Virginia Hess  
Miriam Van Buskirk  
Tirzah Price  
Marjorie Browning  
Alvera Claussen  
Eleonore Kramer

### ACADEMY

Mary Swazey  
Nellie Ball  
Lillian Hollebosch  
Gertrude Best, Captain.  
Lita Dickerson  
Dorothy Williams  
Margaret Jones  
Constance Bassett  
Elaine Rabinoff  
Irene Brown  
Brenda Wild

### ONE MONDAY MORNING

Old Sol heaved himself over the horizon one cold winter morning to cast his brilliant rays of sunlight upon the snow-clad campus of Frances Shimer. Everything seemed wrapped in snowy silence. The silence was suddenly shattered as a bevy of girls in raccoon coats and galoshes ran down the outside steps of Hathaway Hall. It was Monday morning and they were going on an early morning hike. The snow crunched and crackled beneath their hurrying eager feet, and their breath froze on the icy air. Old Sol himself could not keep from smiling at their exuberance and at the picture they made. And so he sent down his brightest sunbeams, making the world dazzling, and seeming to twinkle everywhere with tiny fairy diamonds.

Gwendolyn Kreiter, Academy '30.

## THE SCATTERED FAMILY

### MARRIAGES

Norma St. Germain '25 to Mr. Irwin Clayton Taylor on November 23, 1929, at Kankakee, Illinois. At home after December 1, 1929, at 1260 East Merchant Street, Kankakee.

Margaret Seidel, ex-faculty, to Mr. Alton Theodore Medsger, October 14, 1929, at Warren, Wisconsin. At home 125 Marcy Avenue, Riverhead, Long Island, New York.

Georgene Williams '25 to Mr. William Richardson Biggs on November 1, 1929, in the city of New York. At home 11 East 88th Street, New York City.

Helen Terry '25 to Mr. Fritz Carl Weber on December 7, 1929, at Sidell, Illinois. At home 5532 Cornell Avenue, Chicago.

Ellen Bernice Edward '28 to Mr. Edwin S. Goodale on July 20, 1929, Denver, Colorado. At home 1654 Fillmore Street, Denver.

Lucille Bowen '27 is teaching in Terrill, Iowa.



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Genevieve Pfleeger '24 was graduated from De Pauw University last June.

Lenore Smith '27 is a senior in the college of Liberal Arts, Oberlin, Ohio.

Alice Smith, '26-'27, and Eleanore Wadsworth, '28-'29, are studying at Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

Helen Marshall '26 is a senior in the school of Music of Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington.

The engagement of Joan Gast, '26-'27, to Ellis Yale of Cannon Falls, Minnesota, has been announced. Both are seniors at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

Olive Spensley '29 is an Educational adviser with the F. E. Camp-ton Company of Chicago.

Mildred Mull '29 has a secretarial position in Kansas City, Missouri.

Mildred Williams '29 is spending the year in San Jose, California, and taking a course in business college.

Sarah Jane Davis '26 is a senior at Northern Illinois Teachers' College in De Kalb, Illinois.

Ruth Ramey '25 owns and manages a successful gift shop in Hampton, Iowa.

Isabel Ingram, '24-'25, has a position with a real estate firm in Chicago.

Virginia Roberts '27 was graduated last June from Detroit Teachers' College and is teaching in the Kindergarten of the Detroit Public Schools.

Janet Mills '24 is now Mrs. Evans Boafrey and is living at 1272 Washington Street, Denver, Colorado.

Florence Keiser '24 writes from her home in Danville that she is expecting to spend the winter again in Florida.

Marian Bailey '27 was graduated from the University of Wisconsin last June and is now instructor in Domestic Science in the High School at Woodstock, Illinois.

Margaret Anderson Gage '24 is living in Eugene, Oregon, where her husband, Professor Daniel D. Gage, Jr., is a member of the faculty in the School of Business Administration of the University of Oregon.

Estelle Bachman '27 received the degree of Ph.B. from the University of Chicago in June 1929 and now has a position as dietitian with the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

Margaret Lawson Jacobs '94 is teaching in a Conservatory of Music in St. Paul, Minnesota, where she has large classes in both piano and voice. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs live at 4327 Humboldt Avenue North, Minneapolis.

Greeting came during the summer from Joyce Gardner, ex. '20, in Devonshire and Cornwall, England, where she spent her vacation.

At the marriage of Georgene Williams '25 to Mr. William Richardson Biggs in New York City in November, Dorothy Taft '25 was in the wedding party, and Jane O'Boyle a guest at the ceremony. Later Jane visited Sophy Perry '25 at Goucher College, Baltimore, where she is a junior this year.



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J. Marie Melgaard '15 is Head Dietitian in Mt. Sinai Hospital in Philadelphia.

Laurel Gillogly '12 is teaching Latin and French in the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, and taking graduate work in Educational and Vocational Guidance at the University of Chicago. She writes of spending a profitable summer at the French School of Middlebury College, Vermont. Miss Gillogly taught Latin in Madison High School, Wisconsin, several years.

Martha Barnhart Hoffman '25 is continuing her college work in the University of Alabama where her husband is teaching in the Department of Business English.

Harriette Witherell '26 was graduated from the Michigan State Normal College in June 1929. She has since married and is now Mrs. Jules Urban Durham, 2024 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware.

Edna Gillogly '18 is the Librarian at South Bend, Indiana, High School.

Ruby Worner '17, Ph.D. University of Chicago, is now in the Textile Section of the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C.

Madeleine Johnston '28 is studying in the Art School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Alice Gibbs '09 lives in Twin Falls, Idaho. She writes: "My best wishes for the prosperity and truest success of my Alma Mater are always with her."

Marjorie Graham '20 is teaching history in one of the Chicago high schools.



# LIST OF FORMER FRANCES SHIMER STUDENTS NOW IN HIGHER INSTITUTIONS

|                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA<br>Martha Barnhart Hoffman                                                                                                                                                  | EVANSTON ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS<br>Caroline Whitehead<br>Ruth Mearns<br>Mary Lou Zuttermeister                                                                                                                |
| UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA<br>Josephine Barnes                                                                                                                                                         | FRANCES SHIMER JUNIOR COLLEGE—<br><i>Graduates of F. S. S. Academy</i>                                                                                                                                      |
| BELOIT COLLEGE<br>Ann Donavon<br>Mary Elinor Crist<br>Marjorie Freer<br>Elizabeth Kingery<br>Rosalind Smith                                                                                       | Ann Finley<br>Marjorie Hench<br>Virginia Hess<br>June Hill<br>Dorothy Murton<br>June Roberts<br>Edna Salmen                                                                                                 |
| BERKLEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL<br>Mary Ellen Nowlin                                                                                                                                              | GOUCHER COLLEGE<br>Sophy Perry                                                                                                                                                                              |
| BRADLEY COLLEGE<br>Marjorie Lou Alcott                                                                                                                                                            | GRINNELL COLLEGE<br>Miriam Boozer<br>Margaret Estel<br>Marjory Hocum<br>Marian Munro                                                                                                                        |
| BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY<br>Frances Kernahan                                                                                                                                                           | HUNTER COLLEGE<br>Thelma Smith Ingram                                                                                                                                                                       |
| BUTLER UNIVERSITY<br>Helen Vawter                                                                                                                                                                 | UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO<br>Lois Kennedy<br>Katherine Mattes                                                                                                                                                     |
| UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT<br>BERKELEY<br>Josephine Joanne Ewing                                                                                                                                 | UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS<br>Rose Baskind<br>Eugenia Bower<br>Janet Cromwell<br>Betty Huntoon<br>Louise Knapp<br>Catherine MacKechnie<br>Gladys Nelson<br>Mary J. Noble<br>Helen Porterfield<br>Vernette White |
| CARLETON COLLEGE<br>Joan Gast                                                                                                                                                                     | ILLINOIS WESLEYAN<br>Helen Marshall                                                                                                                                                                         |
| CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE<br>Frances Gorseine                                                                                                                                                         | WESTERN ILLINOIS STATE TEACHERS<br>COLLEGE<br>Helen Pfeiffer                                                                                                                                                |
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